

## WAR

By Jack London.

(Continued from page 12.)

emptied, until, quickly, there was no more shooting. The young man was elated. Through that astonishing fusillade he had come unscathed. He glanced back. Yes, they had emptied their magazines. He could see several reloading. Others were running back behind the house for their horses. As he looked, two, already mounted, came back into view around the corner, riding hard. And, at the same moment, he saw the man with the ginger beard kneel down on the ground, level his gun, and coolly take his time for the long shot.

The young man threw his spurs into the horse, crouched very low, and swerved in his flight in order to distract the other's aim. And still the shot did not come. With each jump of the horse, the woods sprang nearer. They were only two hundred yards away, and still the shot was delayed.

And then he heard it, the last thing he was ever to hear, for he was dead ere he hit the ground in the long crashing fall from the saddle. And they, watching at the house, saw him fall, saw his body bounce when it struck the earth, and saw the burst of red-cheeked apples that rolled about him. They laughed at the unexpected eruption of apples, and clapped their hands in applause of the long shot by the man with the ginger beard.

\*(Now that Jack London's work has so suddenly come to an end there will be much discussion concerning his place in literature. London was so prolific, his output was so great, that many of his books were lacking in literary finish. The demands of his popularity were exigent, and his work suffered. Doubtless some of his stories will endure, but which stories? It is for the future to answer. But a story like the following will enforce attention when final critical judgment comes to be passed upon Jack London. It displays the literary form of which London was master when he wrote with care. So far as known it has not been published in this country, except by Theodore Bonnett in San Francisco. It was contributed to the London Nation five years ago.—Editor's note.)

## THE PARAGRAPHERS

Here's Dr. Aked of the nutship lecturing to us on the war. Presumably he thinks people think he has learned something from contact. Some people do. That's why it pays for him to drivel.—San Francisco Town Talk.

It was said at the clinical congress in Philadelphia that high living was responsible for most operations. We have long suspected it. But the doctors insist on living high.—New York Morning Telegraph.

The hyphenates are now claiming that old Doc Cook discovered the north pole because his father was a German. It does seem as though the Teutons were doing everything possible to win over the king of Denmark.—Boston Transcript.

The farmer who is being congratulated on \$2 wheat is now in a position to appreciate exactly how that fellow who sold his Bethlehem steel when it reached thirty feels. Send your felicitations to the Chicago speculators.—Boston Transcript.

"Father," said the small boy, "what's an explorer?" "An explorer, my son, is a man who discovers some place that nobody wants to go to, and that he wouldn't be able to find, anyhow."—Baltimore American.

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